

REMARKS

On the threatened Dissolution of the Union, by the Southern States, on account of the interference of the Northern people with the subject of Slavery.

Rodrigo. Iago, what say'st thou, noble heart?
Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?
Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.
Rod. I will inventiously drown myself.

The threat of dissolving the Union, thrown out by the southern people, on account of what they are pleased to call the unwarrantable interference of the north with the subject of slavery, has often forcibly reminded me of the above quotation from Shakespeare's tragedy of Othello. Rodrigo, despairing of success in his unallowed designs against Desdemona, resolves at once to put an end to his earthly career of guilt and misery, by drowning himself. So the southern people, holding in unrighteous bondage more than two millions of their fellow creatures, and fearing that they shall be compelled, by the force of conscience, to free them from their dreadful thralldom, if the subject is forced upon their minds, threaten to perform a deed, which will surely involve self-destruction, as the summary process contemplated by Rodrigo. This threat of dissolution has been so often, and successfully used by the south, that they have become bold by impunity. They make use of it now, whenever they wish to carry any point of importance against the wishes of the north. But it is to be hoped, they have now rung all the changes upon the term *dissolution*, which was a sufficient reason why we should speak, and thus demonstrate whether we were *free or slaves* to the north.

If you cast your eyes over the history of those nations and cities, where slavery has existed in its full extent, Look at old Babylon, and Tyre, and Sidon, and ancient Rome, and other places which might be mentioned, where it may now emphatically be said that

Ruin itself stands still for lack of work.

And Desolation keeps unbroken Sabbath.

Providence dwelt within their borders. They rose to such splendor, magnificence, and power, as to be the admiration, wonder and awe of the world. But the blasting spirit of slavery swept over these, corrupting the very fountains of society, and they fell. But you need not look back to ancient times, to find the effects of slavery. Look at our own country, staggering and reeling like a drunken man, under an exhibition of pictures—showing the withering influence of slavery in every fibre, and through all her vast extent.

But I will not dwell on that part of the subject longer. I wish it understood, that I do not write this article for the purpose of taunting the southern states with their weakness; nor to take an undue advantage of their situation. My object, I trust, is higher, nobler than this. I wish to encourage the timid, and confirm the wavering advocates of freedom, to a more determined stand against slavery. I wish to tell them, in my feeble manner, that the whole country is deeply, vitally interested in the great struggle now going on; and if possible, to rouse them from their lethargy.

Awake! ye sleeping sentinels on the watch-tower of Liberty! Ye are slumbering, not only when two millions and a half of your fellow-countrymen are groaning in the most abject bondage,—not only when the fettors are forging for your own limbs; but while the noisome driving into the Coffin of Liberty! Look yonder! behold *war Treachery* 'with thirty dagger drawn,' standing at the gate of the citadel of Freedom, and, under the guise of friendship, stabbing her to the very heart! See that merchant, shutting his own mouth, and the mouths of others against the demands of humanity, for fear of losing *southern trade*? Tell him he is bartering his own liberty, and the liberty of his country, for *sordid gold*! See that legislator entering into a compact with the slaveholder, to rivet still stronger the chains of the oppressed? Arraign him at the *ballot box*? Tell him he is a recreant to liberty, and a traitor to his God. Tell him he is under no longer to legislate for a free people! See that professed Ambassador of Christ, when he should be speaking trumpet-tongued against this abomination of the land, cavilling about set forms and phrases, cutting out soft and pleasing words, such as will not offend the oppressor, while he is parading and holding fellowship with this moral *Juggernaut*.

But, it would not be the anti-slavery sentiments of the non-slaveholding states, which they would also have to contend against. American slavery would be exposed more fully to the world than it has heretofore been. The essential rottenness and the horrid enormity of the system would then be fairly before the world. The southern people have kept the non-slaveholding states, with the gaze of mankind. Thus their system could not be seen; or, if seen, it could not be reached, without shooting right through the entire northern people, by their situation, have almost been an insuperable barrier to any moral agitation on south ern slavery beyond the confines of the Union. The experience of every person will inform him, that a man a very vicious habit may sometimes pass through the world with a pretty fair reputation, in consequence of being able, by some means or other, to associate with men of respectability and integrity. He appropriates himself a portion of their virtues, to conceal his own vices, and often with great success. Even his companions consider it for their own interest and credit to make the best of his case—to gloss over and palliate his guilty deeds, and magnify his virtues, if he has any. By these means, he escapes that scorn and detestation he richly deserves; and is followed and censured beyond expression by a deceived and abused people. But let his companions withdraw their aid—let him stand on his own bottom; and then the world will see him as he is, and he will be made to feel the merited indignation of the people, whom he had imposed upon. The same principle is brought in operation in the case of slavery. The non-slaveholding states, by their connection with the south, have felt it for their own interest to apologize for their southern brethren—to excuse the master to the world. They have tried to throw the blame, as much as possible, from the shoulders of the present slaveholders, upon some former generation. As if there was a mighty difference between robbing a man on a highway, and purchasing and refusing to restore the stolen property, knowing it to be such. There is an overwhelming mass of guilt resting on the North, for the course she has taken on this subject, which must soon be repeated. But let the north withdraw the support she has so long given to slavery—let her get out of the *sunshine of liberty*, which would otherwise pour with dazzling effulgence on the darkness of southern slavery, and it would not long withstand the scorching rays. The chivalry world is beginning to view the subject of slavery in its true light—as a foul excrence, a deep and damning plague-spot, which has found its way into the midst of civilized society—a monster of deformity, glaring out from the political and religious institutions of the world. They are regarding it as a complete nullification of every thing which makes a MAN, —a plain and palpable violation of every right given to man by the Creator, to enable him to perform the purposes of his existence, which ought no longer to be tolerated by men professing to be Christians. The south is beginning to feel that the civilized world is fast taking ground against this system. Mr. Preston of South Carolina has declared, that the Literature, the Poetry, the Philanthropy of the world, are all against slavery. And what course does he advise the south to pursue in this case? Why, with a fool-hardiness, which would almost render him fit candidate for a mad-house, he exhorts her to hug the institution still closer to her bosom, and boldly bid defiance to a world in arms. But this is much easier said than done. How do they propose to keep out the anti-slavery principles of the world? Do they mean to shut themselves up, oyster-like, in their shell? But even the oyster is occasionally obliged to open his shell for the purposes of existence; and it is said the lobster sometimes comes along, and thrusts a pebble between the shell to prevent him from again closing it, afterwards cuts out the meat at his leisure.

But, after all, the slaveholding states have a corkern-worm at the heart, which is eating up the very springs of life. They have a principle within, which like the operations of the celebrated Termites, or White Ants of Africa, is eating out all the heart, and all the solid part of their government, and leaving nothing but an outward shell, which the least external pressure will crush to atoms. Look at the utter prostration of all law and order in the southern, and partially in the northern states for the last two years. What does this indicate, but a rottenness in the government? This is but the legitimate fruit of slavery; but part and parcel of the system. It is vain to say, it was on account of the abolition measures of the north, that Amos Dresser was lynched at Nashville, Aaron Kitchell in Georgia, and the suspected incendiaries hung in Mississippi, &c. &c. I say the system cannot exist without these acts of violence. There can be no such thing as justice where the principle

* It is said these insects will sometimes eat out all the solid part of trees, leaving nothing but the bark; so that while the tree appears perfectly sound on the outside, the least blow will break it to pieces.

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LITERARY.

[From the Scottish Magazine.]

SONNETS.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Yes! all are here—this deep pool still is green
With dewy moss—these intertwined trees,
Though somewhat hoarier grown, to the low breeze
Breathe their old music, and o'er all the scene
The sunshine flutters, glancing through between
The chequered branches; while into my ears
You mounting bark paws thought of other years
In thrilling tones—I see what I have seen;
And feel—one moment—all that I have felt:
But, ah! one dream glances from my dream,
With all its wavy looks of loneliness!
And darkened deeper by the sudden gleam,
I feel once more the balm that hath been felt,
And fly for shelter to Forgiveness.

EARLY HOME.

Oh! thou dear spot that com'rt before my eyes,
Amid the stir of men, like dreams of heaven
To the e'er-tortured spirit; that was given
Unto my boyish hour to harmonise
My soul with Nature's sweet serenities;
And now with all thy winning slopes and dell,
Green covers, sparkling streams and sylvan cells—
(Where ere come on me with such sweet surprise,
As I have wandered coming o'er some sole
Or song of older days;) still thou ston'st forth
New freshness to my heart in thoughts of thee,
And kindest up my cheek and brow pale
With dreary task-work, while my boyish mirth—
My youth's bright dreams, come glowing back to me.

EARLY HOME REVISITED.

Here seated by the casement, and the sweet-briar rose,
With graceful woodbine and the sweet-briar rose,
While the warm sunshines, stealing round
With glancing shadows freckled, and the wind
Ruffles in music 'mid the leaves, my mind
Is stirred with thrilling of long past delight,
And glows amid the fields and waters bright;
Sweet glimpses of young days when were confined
In noiseless crowds, and tortured 'mid the tear
And tumult of coarse wrangling, I would dance
O'er the green meadows, happy as a child;
Or nestled deep within some lone leafy lair,
Gaze out on Nature's sunny countenance,
And commune with her spirit undelied.

N. R.

BEAUTY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! tell me not of cheeks, that wear
The rosy freshness of the morn—
Of Hebe lips and flowing hair;
True love is not of such horns.
They have their value but to me,
As flowers, if nothing more I see.
I could as soon bow soul and knees
To some bright shade of Titian's art,
Or statue of Praxiteles,
As beauty without mind or heart;
For why? because it seems to me,
Like casket without jewel.
I care not what the color be,
Of beauty's eye—if jet or blue,
So every glance sparkly sympathetic.
With what is kind, and good and true.
Eyes have their value but to me
As in their light a soul I see.
I lived not if the cheeks be pale
As monumental marble, so
A modest blush doth there prevail,
When fit occasions bids it glow;
Cheeks have their value but to me,
As types of inward purity.
I mind not if the lips be red,
And full as infant bid of rose,
So gay good temper round them shed
The sunshine of the mind's repose;
Lips have their value but to me;
When clothed with sweet amenity.
Yet neither lips, nor cheeks, nor eyes,
Though all that I have now portrayed,
Could shake my peace or wake my sighs;
Unless they love for me displayed;
Their chieftest beauty still must be,
To breath of love, and love for me.
But if I see in beauty's eye,
Affection's glance when I appear,
And on her cheeks and lips, easy
The tokens of a love sincere;
Then eyes, and cheeks, and lips, to me
Do wear their true divinity.

[From the Freeman's Journal.]

THE TITHE VICTIM.

IN TWO SONNETS.

I.

I saw before the judgment seat appear
A sickly, lean, decrepit, poor old man,*
Whose sunken eyes with tears of suffering ran—
Whose tattered garments told of misery drear,
And want and woe, endured for many a year;
And as I gazed upon his face so wan,
Burning with honest shame, I cried—"And can
This be the Church which Christ came down to rear?"
This starving wretch had from his home been torn,
Where for long months, in illness he had lain:
Life-worn, hopeless, heartless, and forlorn—
The prey of hunger, and disease, and pain!
And had been cast in prison, there to write,
Because he could not pay the parson's cursed tithe!

II.

Such pity did his wretched looks impart;
So worn he seem'd with care, affliction, grief,
His judge forgave him, and all gave relief,
And charity cheer'd up the old man's heart!
"Oh Christ!" thus cried I, "can such victims be
Offerings, acceptable in thy pure sight,
Whose eyes cannot behold inquiry,
Who in oppression takest delight?
Oh! never—for thou canst on earth to preach
Brotherly love, peace, and good will to all!
But these, thy sacrificial high-priests, teach
A different creed, endow'd by stile and ball:
Oh, cleanse thy Church,—hurt down the dust
The poor man's nose, ev'n in their hour of lust!"

Dublin, Nov. 18, 1836. BETA.

* These sonnets are founded on the case of Reilly, which occurred only a short time ago, and has appeared in the Journal.

CONSUMPTION.

BY BRYANT.

Ay, thou art for the grave: thy glances shine
Too brightly to shone long; another Spring
Shall deck her for men's eyes, but not for thine—
Sealed in a sleep which knows no awakening.
The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
And the eyes are no mineral of power;
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief
Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.
Glide softly to thy rest, then. Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,
As light winds wafting through groves of bloom,
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree,
Close thy sweet eyes, calmly, and without pain,
And we'll trust in God to see thee yet again.

LINES

On the recent bequest of Mr. Day of England, of £100,000, to found an Asylum for the Blind.

Thus Providence with every stroke
Still shines consolation kind;The loss of Day, which brought their woe,
Brings an Asylum for the Blind.What, though they blessed the fatal hour
That gave such solace to their pain,
His bosom gladly they'd forego
To see the face of Day again.

I have seen

A curious child, applying to his ear
The convolution of a smooth lipp'd shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened with joy; for, murmuring from within,
Were heard sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith; and both impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things,
Of ebb and flow, and ever-lasting power;
And central peace abiding at the heart
Of endless agitation.—W. Wordsworth.

LITERARY, MISCELLANEOUS AND MORAL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the Register and Observer.)

WISE AND PEYTON.

A Washington correspondent of the Middlebury Free Press gives the following synopsis of Mr. Wise's harangue on the last evening of the late session of Congress.

Mr. Wise's clang whang of three hours was worse and more revolting than that of Peyton. To report it, would disgrace any decent pen. Fancy the Hall nearly empty. Members snoring, candles burnt down in their sockets, and Wise going on, raving, raving, till his voice would fail to a whisper, and then flare up again with a fresh breeze. No body called to order, but quietly let him go on, in the faint hope that he would either fag out or break a blood vessel. But he is like a lean hound and no tire in him. I will give a memorandum of the topics of this tirade.

—Wise—I am speaking to men who are cursing me in their hearts for speaking. (That's true, at least, bawls a member.) I am speaking to some who are sleeping, and to more who are absent, (wish I was too, says a voice.) But my speech shall be reported and read (doubted, said a voice) by this whole nation—you want to pass your public bills, but the case of Reuben M. Whitney is more important than all the bills that the hopes and wishes of this whole House are hanging on (here an expression of contempt was used by a member, that cannot be repeated.) If the Bank of the U. S. was a master, but a monster R. M. Whitney was, who controlled all the wealth of the nation!—A bankrupt, fraudulent, perjured, unscrupulous bankrupt, Amon Kendall, has fellow scum! Yes, Reuben Whitney was the great I AM in the opinion of the friends of the President, Garfield's committee and Wise's committee, running from one to the other. Description of the two committees and the question they refused to put—Great importance of finding out where Whitney got his 200 silver spoons.

Men—4 o'clock. Have just woken up and find Wise still going on, till till, 30 members in their seats. Voice failing a little—Reasons why Johnson didn't sign the minority report—argument to prove that Hamer of Ohio is Whitney's friend, and don't know it (here a long yawn from a sleeper)—ya, ya, ya, ya!

10 minutes after 4, A. M.—I may be in extreme—the pharisee thinks God is not as other men. The gentleman has gone out (Mr. Hamer)—Wish to hear my remarks—(Hamer had said there was a monomaniac about Whitney with some genealogy)—Monomaniac—Only two members of this House deranged in conduct about Reuben M. Whitney—Never introduced to that man—never drank a glass with him—treason, perjured villain—fountain head of treachery—Levi Woodbury nose of wax in Reuben M. Whitney's hand. (Chorus ya, ya, ya, ya, by some sleeping member. Echoed on every side)—Whitney a thorn in Levi Woodbury's side—greater at the White House than Woodbury—Land receivers—officers of deposit Banks—organized, subsidized, government patronage, pensioned press—print it in your Globe—yea, Sir, print it in New Hampshire. (Mr. Pierce of N. H. in the chair.) God knows if I shall ever write out this speech—cannot speak strong enough—war and battle for the truth I have got—damning proof—dragged this pimp of corruption from his hiding place—triumphatory I claim—prouder than the victory at New Orleans—I'll be prouder far of this victory than ever the hero of New Orleans—in his victory—he defended one city—I defend your whole government from plundering knaves—yes, Sir, plundering knaves—waken from their lethargy, (members all asleep, 26 only in their seats)—battle with the tyrants, wallowing on your institutions—knaves, swindlers, stock jobbers—quasi before the slaves of tyrants—that's what makes me mad, and I am an unlearned man—(6 raps, 3 stamps, and 9 grins)—hollow, time serving, cringing party—weep over the ruins of the country—facts, glaring, startling facts—(snoring concert all round the House, getting audible, as the roarer's voice gets husky. While he goes on, talking against time, to prevent the appropriations to carry on the government, the speech on in Speaker's table over a 100 bills of the highest importance, including revolutionary pensions, requiring only a year of five or ten minutes, not ten of which will be passed this session, 50 would have passed to night but for this profligate waste of the public time by two recklessness. Wise goes on in his tirade. Old blind man in the play—Hammer's wit as flat as the plain that old King Lear—read Shakespeare a great deal, cannot quote one passage correctly—believe I am wrong, certain I am right—it is in Shakespeare somewhere—British Classics—a criticism of that sort—old Will Shakespeare—(voice getting weaker. There is faint hope of a suppression or an apoplexy. No, there it goes again in a fresh breeze.) 4th of March coming—big with fate of office seekers—Van Buren in a few hours will see the crowds who have come to hail him when the crown is put on his head—warn him, &c. [Here a loud hiss follows, rap, rap, rap—Hallon, says a sleeper, you have woken up all the passengers.] Wise's voice falling—one strong effort, a round sentence against Martin Van Buren's administration, and Wise is down a quarter after 5 o'clock—Has been talking ever since 10 minutes after two, over three hours. Sleepers wake up and look cheerful, but lie down again in despair.

MR. VAN BUREN.

The stand which the new President has taken on the subject of Slavery, is among the strange things of the age. That a President should select a particular section of the country, and tell the Nation that he shall make their will his official conduct, is an anomaly in politics. Does the clanking of fetters and jingling of chains, chime in so sweetly with the Declaration of Independence and the songs of liberty, that slavery should be singled out from all other subjects, and guarded with peculiar care?

He seems to have stepped entirely out of his line of march, to give the Abolitionists a gratuitous dubbing, and reminds us of John Randolph's declaration, that he would go twenty rods out of his path, to kick a sheep. If any man, professing abolition principles, can directly or indirectly support Mr. Van Buren after this, they must possess a large share of the temper of the animal, who is said to stick closer to his master, the more he kicks and cuffs him.

But the most reprehensible part of this subject is, that he seems to invoke the spirit of unlawful violence, to put down that, which however inexpedient, is strictly legal. He says—

Terrifying instances of local violence have been witnessed; and a RECKLESS disregard of the consequences of their conduct, has exposed individuals to popular indignation.'

Here the blame is all laid to those who are using the liberty of speech and of the press, in a manner secured to them by the laws of the land; this is a RECKLESS disregard of consequences,' but not the mildest whisper is uttered against those who get up the 'local violence,' destroy premises, and throw brick bats at the heads of their fellow citizens.

We think Mr. Van Buren greatly mistakes his case, in this case. He must have expected that his frown, with this general licence to mobs, would put down the spirit of abolition; but it is the very way to get it up. Hundreds are engaged in this cause, who have as much talent as Mr. Van Buren. They have a firm conviction that they are engaged in the cause of liberty and humanity—they have thrown their whole souls into the cause, they have the spirit of martyrs, and nothing could confirm and inflame this spirit, like wholesale denunciation which they keenly feel to be unjust, and hostile to the great doctrine of universal liberty.

When the laws are so administered as to secure to Abolitionists the freedom of speech and of the press,—when illegal violence is punished by law,—when petitions are received and committed in the usual course of business,—when southern men are content with exemption from interference with slavery within their States, and discuss slavery in the District of Columbia on the ground of expediency; we shall expect to see the anti-slavery excitement subside into a calm and useful discussion. But any attempt to put it down by gag law, by mobs, or even the frowns of Mr. Van Buren, are just as effectual as an attempt to smother the New York conflagration with shavings, turpentine and brimstone.—Haverhill Gazette.

JAMES G. BIRNEY. We have before us a remarkably well executed likeness of James G. Birney, Esq., done by SARTAIN, in his best style, from Powell. Judge Birney is known throughout the United States as the active friend and promoter of the abolition cause—a confessor, indeed almost a martyr; his portrait, therefore, so well done, will be a grateful offering to the friends of that cause. The like-ness is for sale at the Anti-Slavery store, in Arch-street, above the Theatre. The proceeds of the picture will be devoted to the establishment of a high school in Cincinnati, for colored children—and another inducement to patronize.—U. S. Gazette.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY FROM THE WEST INDIES.

SELF-DEFATING POLICY.

I have either dreamed or read of a man who set fire to the temple of Diana, and assigned as a reason for his conduct, that he wished to immortalize his name. To defeat the purpose of this man, the government passed a decree, prohibiting the mention of his name in a manner which would tend to transmit it to posterity as the famous incendiary. Of course, this decree must have been recorded and published. The decree has, therefore, defeated its own purpose; it has caused the name of the incendiary to be immortalized according to his desire.

It may now be asked—has nothing occurred in our own country of the same self-defeating tendency? Look at the policy adopted by Governor McDowell to prevent the slaves from becoming acquainted with the writings and doings of the abolitionists of the North. If I mistake not, the course he adopted did more to inform, to excite, and to inflame the minds of the slaves, than it was in the power of the abolitionists to effect without his aid. Had the abolitionists been disposed to put their tracts into the hands of the slaves, instead of the hands of their masters, they could not have done it to any considerable extent, without the consent of the slaveholders. Besides, it is believed that very few of the slaves of that state can read; of course, few of them could have obtained any knowledge of the doings of the abolitionists by reading, had the tracts been put into their hands. This was well known to abolitionists, so they sent their tracts directed to slaveholders and not to slaves.

To prevent the slaves from being improperly excited by the writings or the doings of abolitionists, there were two methods equally in the power of the governor. One was the course he adopted; and this was, to address an inflammatory speech to the Legislature of South Carolina, in which he represented the colored people as fit for no higher condition than that of slaves; and also represented the abolitionists as a numerous class of despicable fanatics, more deserving of the halter than to be tolerated as citizens. Accordingly, he recommended to the Legislature of his state to call on the Legislatures of the Northern states to enact severe laws to prevent the circulation of tracts against slavery, and in favor of emancipation. The speech was of course published in that state, and the Governor's recommendations. These papers must naturally cause much discussion among the white people of the state. Hence the slaves probably obtained more information in one year, of what had been done in their favor by anti-slavery societies, than they would have obtained in ten years, had the Governor said nothing on the subject. His policy was as really adapted to inform and to excite the slaves, as the Ephesian policy was to perpetuate the name of the incendiary. In both cases it was a self-defeating policy.

2. That while the above statements are true with reference to all the islands, even where the system of apprenticeship prevails, they are especially applicable to Antigua, where the results of the emancipation of the slaves, as far as they have been established, are not yet fully known. The negroes have obtained a greater portion of time for the service of the negro, and thus preventing the continuance of unavoidable Sabbath desecrations, in labor and neglect of the means of grace—and in its operation as a stimulus to proprietors and other influential gentlemen, to encourage religious education and the wide dissemination of the Scriptures, as an incentive to industry and good order.

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4. That regarding slavery as a most unjustifiable infringement of the rational and inalienable rights of men and in its moral consequences, from our own personal observation as well as other sources, and of the greatest curse with which the great Governor of the nations ever suffered this world, it is blighted; we cannot but deeply regret this connection which so intimately exists between the various churches of Christ in the U. S. of America, and this unchristian system. With much sorrow do we learn that the principle of the lawfulness of slavery has been defended by some who are ministers of Christ, that so large a proportion of that body in America are exerting their influence in favor of the continuance of so indefensible and monstrous a system—and that these emotions of sorrow are especially occasioned with reference to our own denomination.

5. That regarding slavery as a most unjustifiable infringement of the rational and inalienable rights of men and in its moral consequences, from our own personal observation as well as other sources, and of the greatest curse with which the great Governor of the nations ever suffered this world, it is blighted; we cannot but deeply regret this connection which so intimately exists between the various churches of Christ in the U. S. of America, and this unchristian system. With much sorrow do we learn that the principle of the lawfulness of slavery has been defended by some who are ministers of Christ, that so large a proportion of that body in America are exerting their influence in favor of the continuance of so indefensible and monstrous a system—and that these emotions of sorrow are especially occasioned with reference to our own denomination.

6. That while we should deprecate and condemn any recourse on the part of the slaves, to measures of rebellion, as an unjustifiable mode of obtaining their freedom, we would, most solemnly, and affectionately, and imploringly, adjure our respected fathers and brethren in America, to endeavor in every legitimate way, to wipe away this approach from their body, and thus act in perfect accordance with the deliberate and recorded sentiments of our venerable founder on this subject, and in harmony with the feelings and proceedings of their brethren in the United Kingdom, who have been the sharer of his humble fate through life, and why should we not hallow the matrons of Ireland, and the wives of the greatest worthies of this nation, and of the most illustrious families, to whom the name of Prunty deserves of public attention. Intimidation of the grossest kind was practised towards him. He was carried off and imprisoned at the House of Lefroy, in Carrickglass, and whilst he was there, there was a meeting of his parish, and when the names of the freeholders were called over, Prunty was not there to answer, but his wife said, 'I will answer for him.' She held out her hand and said, 'he is not here, but I know his heart and disposition, and I can give my hand and word that he will vote for our country.' (Loud cheers.) He was brought from the house of Lefroy to the place of voting, guarded by dragoons as though he were a felon; and when his wife saw him pass, she made an appeal to his heart, which ought to be remembered to the latest posterity. She exclaimed, 'Remember your soul and liberty.' (Loud cheers.) He did remember his soul, and he loved the liberties of his country; no bribes, force, or intimidation could cause him to give his vote against them. He despised all acts of cruelty and oppression, at which fiends might laugh, but which would make good men weep; he listened to the appeal that had been made to him by this virtuous woman, who has been the sharer of his humble fate through life, and why should we not hallow the matrons of Ireland, and the wives of the greatest worthies of this nation, and of the most illustrious families, to whom the name of Prunty deserves of public attention. Intimidation of the grossest kind was practised towards him. He was carried off and imprisoned at the House of Lefroy, in Carrickglass, and whilst he was there, there was a meeting of his parish, and when the names of the freeholders were called over, Prunty was not there to answer, but his wife said, 'I will answer for him.' She held out her hand and said, 'he is not here, but I know his heart and disposition, and I can give my hand and word that he will vote for our country.' (Loud cheers.) He was brought from the house of Lefroy to the place of voting, guarded by dragoons as though he were a felon; and when his wife saw him pass, she made an appeal to his heart, which ought to be remembered to the latest posterity. She exclaimed, 'Remember your soul and liberty.' (Loud cheers.) He did remember his soul, and he loved the liberties of his country; no bribes, force, or